







SONGS OF THE GAEL:

A COLLECTION OF

Gaelic Songs, with Translations.

BY L. MACBEAN.

PART I.-PRICE SIXPENCE.

MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

And the Songs of the Gael on their pinions of fire, How oft have they lifted my heart from the mire; On the lap of my mother I lisped them to God; Let them float round my grave, when I sleep 'neath the sod.

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SONGS OF THE GAEL.



1-MO NIGHEAN DONN BHOIDHEACH-MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

KEY B? .- Beating twice to the measure,





A Pheigi dhonn nam blath-shuil, Gur trom a thug mi gradh dhuit, Tha d' iomhaigh, ghaoil, is d' ailleachd A ghnath tigh'n fo m'uidh.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort, 'S ged chaidh mi uat air faondradh Cha chaochail mo rùn,

Nuair bha ann ad lathair Bu shona bha mo laithean, A sealbhachadh do mhanrain Is àille do ghnuis.

Gnuis aoidheil, bhanail, mhalda, Na h-oigh is caomha nadur, I suairce, ceanail, baigheil, Lan grais agus muirn.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh, Far bheil mo ribhinn ghreannar, Mar ros am fasach shamhraidh, An cleann fad o shuil. O maid whose face is fairest, The beauty that thou bearest, Thy witching smile the rarest, Are ever with me.

Though far from thee I 'm ranging My love is not estranging, My heart is still unchanging And aye true to thee.

Oh, blest was I when near thee,
To see thee and to hear thee,
These memories still endear thee
For ever to me.

Thy smile is brightest, purest, Best, kindliest, demurest, With which thou still allurest My heart's love to thee.

Where Highland hills are swelling My darling has her dwelling; A fair wild rose excelling In sweetness is she.

2-OCH, OCH! MAR THA MI-OCH, OCH! HOW LONELY.

KEY F .- With expression.



 $\begin{array}{l} \text{(.s_1 : s_1, l_1]} \ d \ \ : d \ \ : r \ , \text{m} \ | \ s \ \ : l \ \ .s \ : s \ , \text{m} \ | \ d \ \ : d \ . d \ : r \ , \text{m} \ | \ l_1 \ \ : l_1 \ . \\ \text{(Och, och! marl tha } \ \ \text{mi} \ \ \text{is} \ \ \text{mi} \ \ \text{'nam} \ | \ \text{aonar}, \ \ A \ \text{dol troimh} \ \text{choill far an robh mi} \ | \ \text{eolach}, \ \) \\ \text{Och, och! how lonely} \ \ \ \ \text{to} \ \ \ \text{wander weary Thro's scenes endearing} \ \ \text{with none beside} \ \ \ \text{me!} \end{array}$



 $[s,s_1:s_1,l_1]$ d : d . d : r . m | S : l . t : d'.,l | S : m . d : r . m | d d . | Nach fhaigh mil áit' ann am fhearann duthchais, Ged phaighinn | crun airson leud na broige. | For all around now to me is dreary, My native land has a home denied me.

Neo-bhinn an fnuaim leam a dhuisg o m' shuain mi, 'Se tighinnanuss orm o bhruaich nam mor-bheann, An ciobair Gallda 's cha chord a chainnt rium, E glaodhaich thall ri cu mall an dolais.

Moch maduinn Cheitein, an am dhomh eirigh, Cha cheol air gheugan, no geum air mointich, Ach sgreadail bheisdean 's a chanain bheurla, Le coin 'g an eigheach, cur feidh air fogar.

An uair a chi mi na beanntan arda,
'Sanfhearann aigh 's an robh Fionn a chomhnuidh
Cha-n fhaic mi 'n aite ach na caoraich bhana,
Is Gaill gun aireamh 's a h-uile comhail.

Na glinne chiatach 's am faighteadh fiadhach,
'M biodh coin air iallan aig gillean oga,
Cha-n fhaic thu 'n diugh ann ach ciobair stiallach,
'S gur duibhe mheuran na sgiath na rocais.

Chaidh gach abhaist a chuir air fuadach, Cha chluinn thu gruagach ri duan no oran; Nach bochd an sgeul e gu'n d' shearg ar n-uaislean, 'S na balaich shuarach n'an aitean-comhnuidh?

What sounds unsweet have disturbed me, marring The long-sought slumbers around me falling? The Lowland shepherd, with accent jarring, Directs his sheepdog with hideous bawling.

No more are mornings in spring delightful With deer soft lowing and woodland warbles, The deer have fled from these barkings frightful, And loud the stranger his jargon garbles.

Our Highland mountains with purple heather, Where Fingal fought and his heroes slumber, Are white with sheep now for miles together, And filled with strangers whom none can number.

The lovely glens where the deer long lingered Andour fair youths went with hounds to find them, Are now the home of the long black-fingered And lazy shepherds with dogs behind them.

The ancient customs and clans are banished, No more are songs on the breezes swelling, Our Highland nobles alas! are vanished, And worthless upstarts are in their dwelling.

3-LEABAIDH GHUILL-THE BED OF GAUL.

KEY G .- With feeling.





Fo sgeith daraig a's guirme blath, Is luaith' fàs, agus dreach a's buaine, Bhruchdas duilleach air anail na frois 'S an raon bhi seargta m'an cuairt di.

A duilleach o iomal na tire
Chitear le eoin an t-samhraidh,
Is laidhidh gach eun mar a thig e
Air barraibh na geige urair.

Cluinnidh Goll an ceilear na cheo, Is oighean a seinn air Aoibhir-chaomha; 'S gus an caochail gach ni dhiubh so,

Gus an crion gu luaithre a chlach,
'S an searg as le aois a gheug so,
Gus an sguir na sruthan a ruith,
'S an deagh mathair-uisge nan sleibhte,

Cha sgarar bhur cuimhne o cheile,

Gus au caillear an dilinn aois Gach filidh, is dàn, 's aobhar-sgeile, Cha'n fheoraich an t-aineal 'Co mac Moirne?' No 'Cla i comhnuidh Rìgh na Strumoin?' This green spreading oak is his bower,
Fair growing and lovely and lasting;
Its leaves drink the breath of the shower
While the drought all around it is blasting.

Its leaves from a far shall be seen,
And the birds of the summer, swift winging,
Alight on its boughs wide and green—
From his mist Gaul shall hear their sweet singing,

Evircoma shall hear how her praise
The songs of the maidens shall cherish;
Till everything round us decays,
Your memory from earth shall not perish.

Till this stone has been crumbled away,
Till the streams cease to flow from the mountains,
Till this tree with old age shall decay,
And drought dries from the hills all the fountains,

Till the great flood of ages has run
Over bards, songs and all that is human,
None need ask, Who was Morni's great son?
Or, Where dwells the brave King of Strumon?

4-BANARACH DHONN A CHRUIDH-MAID OF THE DAIRY.







'Nuair a sheinneadh tu coilleag. A' leigeil mairt ann an coillidh. Dh' ialadh eunlaith gach doire, Dh' éisdeachd coireal do mhanrain.

Ged a b' fhonnmhor an fhidheall, 'S a teudan an righeadh, 'S e 'bheireadh danns' air a' chridhe, Ceòl nighean na h-àiridh.

'Bheireadh dùlan na gréine, 'Dearsadh moch air foir d' eudainn. 'S gu 'm b' ait leam r' a léirsinn Boillsgeadh éibhinn cùl Màiridh.

'S taitneach siubhal a cuailein 'G a chrathadh m' a cluasan, A' toirt muigh, air seid luachrach, An tigh buailidh 'n gleann fàsaich.

Gu 'm bu mhòthar mo bheadrach, 'Teachd do'n bhuailidh mu 'n eadthrath, Seadhach, seang-chorpach, beitir, 'S buarach greasad an ail aic'.

A bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh, Chaoin a' chruidh, dhonn a' chruidh Cailin deas donn a' chruidh,

Cuachag an fhàsaich,

When Mary is singing The birdies come winging, And listen, low swinging, On twigs light and airy.

My heart bounds with pleasure To hear the sweet measure That's sung by my treasure, The maid of the dairy.

The sunshine soft streaming Around her is beaming, It's glowing and gleaming On the locks of my Mary.

O'er the moors waste and dreary Trips gaily my dearie, With foot never weary. As light as a fairy.

The maid of this ditty Is charming and pretty, She 's wise and she 's witty, She's winning and wary.

My bonnie bright dairymaid. Fairy maid, dairymaid, Bonnie blythe dairymaid. Maid of the dairy.







'S ma dh' imich thu null thar chuan uainn Gu ma luath a thig thu thairis. 'S cuimhnich, thoir leat bannal ghruagach

A luaidheas an cloth ruadh gu daingeann.

O cha leiginn thu do'n bhuailidh Obair thruaillidh sin nan cailean.

Gur h-i Morag ghrinn mo ghuanag Aig am beil an cuailein barr-fhionn.

'S gaganach, bachlagach, cuachach Ciabhag na gruagaich glaine,

Clabhag na gruagaich glaine, Do chùl peucach sios 'na dhualaibh

Dhalladh e naislean le lainnir,

Sios 'na fheoirneinean mu'd ghuailnean, Leadan cuaicheineach na h-ainnir.

'S iomadh leannan a th' aig Morag Eadar Mor-thir agus Arrainn.

'S iomadh gaisgeach deas de Ghaidheal Nach obadh le m' ghradh-sa tarruing,

A rachadh le sgiathan 's le clàidhean

Air bheag sgath gu bial nan canan, Chunnartaicheadh dol an ordugh

Chunnartaicheadh dol an ordugh Thoirt do chòrach mach a dh'aindeoin,

A righ, bu mhath 's an luath-laimh iad Nuair a thàirneadh iad an lannan.

H-uile cloth a luaidh iad riamh dhuibh Dh' fhag iad e gu ciatach daingeann.

Teann, tiugh, daingeann, fighte, luaidhte Daite ruadh air thuar na fala.

Greas thairis le d' mhnathan luadhaidh 'S theid na gruagaichean so mar-riut.

Agus o Mhorag, horo, 's na horo gheallaidh.

Far too soon has been thy going; Soon come back across the ocean.

Bring a band of maids for spreading And for dressing cloth of scarlet,

And for dressing cloth of scarlet.

Thou shalt not go to the steading.

Leave vile work to loon and varlet.

Oh, my Morag is the sweetest, With her lovely locks in cluster,

Coiled and curled in folds the sweetest,

Gleaming bright with golden lustre; Glowing ringlets, golden gleaming,

Dazzle nobles who behold her;

Yellow tresses round her streaming, Fall in cascades on her shoulder.

Many a lover has my lady, In the mainland and the Islands;

Many a man with sword and plaidie

She could summon from the Highlands, Who would face the cannon's thunder

Who would face the cannon's thunder Armed and for her honour plighted,

Driving hostile bands asunder Bound to see our lady righted.

Certes, but our maids are clever When they get their weapons ready,

Many a web they've sorted ever

Firmly handled close and steady, Thick and close and firm in pressing,

Bloody-red, a dye unfading;

Come then with thy maids for dressing, We are ready here for aiding.

Then horo, Morag, horo, the lovely lady.

6-CUMHA IAIN GHAIRBH RARSAIDH-RAASAY LAMENT.

: 1

gun

and

.s:-

I am songless and

ailing.

KEY F .- Slow, and with feeling. : s,.1, : m..r | d : d 'S mi nam' shuidh' air an fhaodh-lainn Gun fhaoilte Sitting sad - ly 1 sorrow. Heavy-hearted CHORUS. : 1, lr : d mo cheerless. wea with wailing. Ιò ho - va Hee-il ô ho - va Cha tog mi fonn aotrom, O Dhihaoine mo dhunach : O'n a chailleadh am bàta, Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh. O'n a chailleadh am bàta. Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh: 'S i do ghuala bha làidir, Ged a shàraich a' mhuir thu. 'S i do ghuala 'bha làidir. Ged a shàraich a' mhuir thu; 'S ann an clachan na tràghad, 'Tha mo ghràdh sa bho'n uiridh 'S ann an clachan na tràchad. 'Tha mo ghràdh-sa bho'n uiridh : Gun sìod' air do chluasaig. Fo lic uaine na tuinne. Gun sìod' air do chluasaig, Fo lic uaine na tuinne: Tha do chlaidheamh 'na dhùnadh, Fo dhrùchdadh nan uinneag, Tha do chlaidheamh 'na dhùnadh, Fo dhrùchdadh nan uinneag; Do chuid chon air an iallaibh, 'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh. Do chuid chon air an iallaibh. 'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh : Do fhrìth nam beann àrda,

No gu àrd-bhéinn a' chuilinn.

No gu àrd-bhéinn a' chuilinn ;

'S mi na m' shuidh' air an fhaodhlainn.

Do fhrìth nam beann àrda,

Gun fhaoilte, gun fhuran.

r.d | 1, r .m r. Hee-il â ho - va hô Hee-il Hi-il Hee-il ô o-va ai Since the day of my sorrow I am weary with wailing, Since the loss of the boatie, Where the hero was sailing. Since the loss of the boatie. Where the hero was sailing, Oh, strong was his shoulder, Though the sea was prevailing. Oh, strong was his shoulder, Though the sea was prevailing, Now he lies in the clachan Whom I am bewailing. Now he lies in the clachan. Whom I am bewailing. And a green grassy curtain His cold bed is veiling. And a green grassy curtain His cold bed is veiling, His sword in its scabbard The rust is assailing. His sword in its scabbard The rust is assailing, His hounds on their leashes, Their speed unavailing. His hounds on their leashes. Their speed unavailing, No more shall my hero His mountains be scaling. No more shall my hero His mountains be scaling. Sitting sadly, I sorrow, Heavy-hearted and ailing.

7-MO MHALI BHEAG OG-MY DEAR LITTLE MAY.



Composed by a Highland officer, who accidentally killed a lady. Translation by L. MacBean. The air is very popular in the Highlands, but is claimed by the Irish.

B'e sud do dhreach is t-eugais

Ged bheirte mi bho'n bhas so,

Mo Mhali bheag og, Cha'n iarrainn tuille dalach,

Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin; B'annsa 'n saoghal-s' fhagail,

Gun chuimhn' bhi air an am sin

'S gu'm faicinn t'aodann ghradhach.

'S an d' fhag mi thu ciuirt'.

Mo Mhali bheag og.

Along the mountains streaming,

What though my life were spared me.

So was thy beauty beaming,

My dear little May. Now it can never shared be

From thee again to sever.

And there forget that ever I wounded my May.

With kind little May! I long to go, and never

My bright little May.

-LAOIDH OISEIN DO'N GHRIAN-OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN. KEY Bb. $: r \mid d : - : l_1 \mid s_1 : - : l_1 \mid s_2 : - : l_1 \mid d :$ shiubhlas shuas. Tha cruinn mar lan sgiath chruaidh nau triath that mov est through the sky, Like shield of warrior round and bright. dhearrs'gun ghruaim, Do sho buain a Ghrian? lus Whence is thy glo rygleam ing high, And whence, sun. thy last ing light? c:1. 18 : ١d : d -: s | 1 : -: d áil le threin. uichidh fal na reul ty thou And all dost rise the stars : d o'n spenr. clea - tha fein, pal - lid moon for-sakea the skies To hide beneath the west - ern sea. Tha thus' 'ad astar dol a mhàin. Thou movest in thy course alone, Is co dha'n dana bhi 'ad chòir? Feuch, tuitidh darag o'n chruaich aird, And who so bold as wander near? The mountain oak shall yet fall prone, Is tuitidh carn fo aois is scorr, The hills with age shall disappear. Is traighidh agus lionaidh 'n cuan. The changing main shall ebb and flow, The waning moon be lost in night; Is caillear shuas an rè 'san suéur Tha thus' ad aon a chaoidh fo bhuaidh Thou only shalt victorious go, For ever joying in thy light! An aoibhneas bhuan do sholuis fein !

Nuair dhubhas dorch m'an domhain stoirm. Le torrunn borb is dealan beur Seallaidh tu'nad aill' o'n toirm, 'S fiamh gàire 'm bruaillean mòr nan spèur. Ach dhomhsa tha do sholus faoin 'S nach fhaic mo shuil a chaoidh do ghnuis,

A sgaoileadh cùl a's orbhui' ciabh Air aghaidh nial 's a mhadainn ùr, A sgaoileadh cùl a's orbhui' ciabh Air aghaidh liath nan nial 's an ear No nuair a chritheas tu 's an iar

Aig do dhorsaibh ciar air lear, Ma dh' fheudte gu bheil thu 's mi fein 'An am gu treun 's gun fheum 'an am, Ar bliadhnaibh tearnadh sios o'n speur La chèile siubhal chum an ceann

Biodh aoibhneas ortsa fein, a Ghrian, A thriath 'ad oige neartmhor ta! Oir 's dorch' mi-thaitneach tha an aois Mar sholus faoin an rè gun chàil, Bho neoil a sealltuinn air an raon, 'S an liath-cheo faoin air thaobh nan càrn,

An osag fhuar o thuath air rèth, Fear siubhail dol fo bheud 'se mall.

When heaven with gathering clouds is black. When thunders roar and lightnings fly. Thou gazest lovely through the rack And smilest in the raging sky. But oh! thy light is vain to me: Ne'er shall mine eyes thy face behold, When thou art streaming wide and free O'er morning clouds thy hair of gold, When thou art shedding wide and free,

O'er eastern skies thy hair of gold, Or trembling o'er the western sea At night's dark portals backward rolled. Nay but, perhaps, both thou and I From strength to weakness both descend,

Rejoice, O sun, in this thy prime!

Our years declining from the sky, Together hasting to their end,

Rejoice, O chief, in youthful might! Age is a dark and dreary time, Feeble and faint as moon's wan light. Struggling through broken clouds in vain, While to the hills the mist hangs gray; And northern gusts are on the plain, Where toils the traveller on his way.

Translation by L. MACBEAN. One or two lines altered which were imperfect in original.

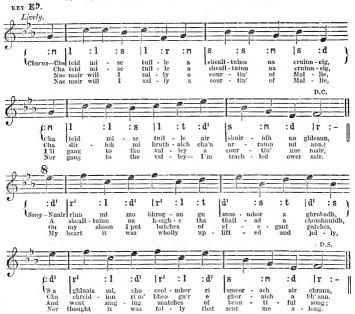
9-AN SGIOBAIREACHD-SKIPPER'S SONG.



D' a thrìd 'chaill an cùrs', Dh' easbhaidh diùdh us faicill, 'S riamh nach d' rànaig dhachaidh 'Dh' ionnsaidh seòlaid acair', 'S nach do sheilbhich stùr Dheth na b' ùidh leo 'ghlacadh. Ged robh sinn 's an luing, Pailt an luim 's an acfhuinn, 'S ged b' eòl dhuinn le cinnt, Feum gach buill us beairte; Ciod an stàth 'bhios dhuinn Eòlas 'bhi 'n ar cinn Air gach ball 'bhios innt'. Mur 'bi sinn 'g an cleachdadh? Feumar còrd 's an acair', 'S 'cheann air bòrd 'bhi glaiste, 'S ris gach sruth us gaoith, 'N combaisd cruinn a leantainn.

All from being heedless: Thinking care was needless, Land at last despaired of, He was lost in night, And never more was heard of. What though we were packed With plenty of equipment, And knew what every tract And tool about the ship meant! Knowledge so exact Might as well be lacked. If we do not act. The anchor to be able To keep the vessel stable Must have a proper cable, The compass all compact Must lie upon its table.

10-THEREADH AN T-SHIRICH-THE WOOFR'S WALL.



Bha m'inntinn lan suigeart nuair rainig mi'n uinneag, 'Smi cinnteach gun cumadh a chruinneag rium cainnt. Nuair dh'fhosgail i 'n duilleag 'sa theann mi ri furan, 'S ann thaom an truille an cuman m'am cheann. Cha teid mise tuille, etc.

'S mar tuiginn an sanas sin stuig i na madaidh. 'Bha 'mathair sa h-athair a labhairt le sgraing. Thuit ceo air mo leirsinn 'us m' anail gam threigsinn An rathad cha b'leir dhomh 'us leum mi' san staing.

'Smi fodha gu m' shuilean an eabar an dunain, Mo bhrigis m'am ghluintean 'san cu oirr an geall, Bu mhiosa na'n corr leam 'bhi faicinn na h-oinsich, Aig uinneag a seomair ri spors air mo chall.

Mar'phaisg air an ullaid, 'si dh'fhag mi am churraidh. Mo chaiseart 'san runnaich, 's mo thriubhas sa ghleann 'Smi 'n so as mo leine ag altrom mo chreuchdan 'San ionad nach leir dhomh am breid a chur teann.

'Toirt boidean do Mhuire 'sa 'g eigheach gu duineil, Ged gheibhinn an cruinne 'sa h-uile ni th' ann, Nach teid mise tuille a cheilidh no 'shuiridh.

'Snach fhaicear mo luideagan tuille 'sa ghleann.

Wi' bosom high-swellin' I cam to her dwellin', I kent she was willin' to list to my tale;

I startit a-showin' my love overflowin', She stopped me by throwin' about me the pail. Nae mair, &c.

And then to pursue me she set the dogs to me. My eyesight got gloomy, I felt like a fool; Her parents were flytin', the dogs were for bitin'; I fled, and fell right in a big dirty pool!

The water was stinkin' in which I was sinkin'. The big dog was thinkin' he'd noo get a bite, But the thing maist annoyin' was to see her ongoin' Lookin' oot and enjoying my terrible plight.

Bad luck to the wooin', it's been my undoin'. My breeks are a ruin, my bachles are gone, And here I'm endurin' and nursin' and curin' My wounds, and securin' the bandages on !

I'm vowin' and frettin' and manfully bettin' That tho' I were gettin' the world for my share, Nae mair will I sally a-courtin of Mallie, I'll show in the valley my duddies nae mair.

11-CAILLEACH BEINN A BHRIC-THE SPECTRE HAG.



Bhric



Bhricho'-ro, Hag of Ben a Bhric, horo,

Cailleach mhór nam mogan liath, Nam mogan liath, nam mogan liath; Cailleach mhór nam mogan liath, Cha'n fhaca sinne 'leithid riabh. Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric, etc.

ho - ro,

'De a thug thu'n diugh do'n bheinn, Diugh do'n bheinn, diugh do'n bheinn De a thug thu'n diugh do'n bheinn, Chum thu mi gu'n bhein, gun sealg.

Bha thu fhein 's do bhuidheann fhiadh, Do bhuidheann fhiadh, do bhuidheann fhiadh, Bha thu fein 's do bhuidheann fhiadh Air an traigh ud shìos an de.

A chailleach—Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh Mo bhuidheann fhiadh, mo bhuidheann fhiadh Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh Dh' imlich sligean dubh an traigh.

> Ochan! is i'n doirionn mhor An doirionn mhor, an doirionn mhor Ochan! is i'n doirionn mhor A chuir mis' an choill ud thall.

Cha'n ioghnadh mi bhi dubh, horo, Dubh horo, dubh horo, Cha'n ioghnadh mi bhi dubh, horo, H-uile la a muigh, o h-i.

Cha'n loghnadh mi bhi ffiuch, fuar, Ffluch fuar, fliuch fuar, Cha'n loghnadh mi bhi ffluch fuar, H-uile h-uair a muigh gu brath. 'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh, Bhuidheann fhiadh, bhuidheann fhiadh, 'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh, 'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh, 'Sann as silabh dubh ud thall. Hag with great gray grisly paw, Grisly paw, grisly paw, Such a hag we never saw, Never, never did we see. Hag of Ben-a Bhric, &c.

Spectre mountain hag is she.

What has brought her to the hill, To the hill, to the hill? She has wrought me muckle ill, Kept her deer away from me.

She was with her flock of deer, Flock of deer, flock of deer, Yesterday she had her deer On the beach along the sea.

The Hag: I would not take my flock of deer, My flock of deer, my flock of deer, I would not take my flock of deer To lick black shells beside the sca.

> Ochan! it was weary woe, Weary woe, weary woe, Ochan! it was weary woe Sent me to you wood to dree!

No wonder I am black, horo, Black horo, black horo, No wonder I am black, horo, When I am always out, O hee.

No wonder I am cold and wet, Cold and wet, cold and wet, No wonder I am cold and wet, When out for ever I must be. But yonder is the flock of deer, Flock of deer, flock of deer, But yonder is the flock of deer, But yonder is the flock of deer,

12-ORAN AN UACHDARAIN-SONG TO THE CHIEF.

KEY C .- With spirit.







Tha gaoth an ear a' gobachadh, 'S cha'n i mo thogairt fhein i; 'S i gaoth an iar, a b' aite leinn, A's lasan oirre 'g eiridh. Faill ill, etc.

'Si gaoth an iar, a b' aite leinn Is lasan oirre 'g eiridh Gu'n tigeadh oirnn am bàta D'am b' abhaist a bhi treubhach.

Gun tigeadh oirnn am bàta D'am b' abhaist a bhi treubhach Uachdaran na tìr' oirre— Mo dhìth ma dh' eireas beud da!

Uachdaran na tìr' oirre-Mo dhith ma dh' eireas beud da!

Uachdaran na duthch' innte-Gu bheil mo dhùrachd fein leis. Uachdaran na duthch' innte Gu bheil mo dhurachd fein leis

Hi rì gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu, Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte! Hi ri gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,

Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte Far am bi na fìdhleirean,

'S na pìoban ann ga'n gleusadh. Far am bi na fìdhleirean

'S na pìoban ann 'gan gleusadh Ach 's mise tha trom airtneulach 'Sa mhadainn is mi 'g eiridh.

Around me shrill the breezes chill Of eastern winds are stinging, Oh, I would hail the western gale, With blessings round it flinging.

Fal il ôro, fal il ô, &c. Yes, I would hail the western gale, With blessings round it flinging, Oh, that it brought the bonnie boat,

Light o'er the billows swinging. Oh, that it brought the bonnie boat, Light o'er the billows swinging,

And safe may float the bonnie boat, Our gallant chieftain bringing. Oh, safe may float the bonnie boat,

Our gallant chieftain bringing, For our relief our country's chief, To whom our hearts are clinging. For our relief our country's chief,

To whom our hearts are clinging, Oh would that he right gallantly His way to Sleat were winging.

Oh, would that he right gallantly, His way to Sleat were winging, Where songs arise and harmonies, With harp and pibroch ringing.

Where songs arise and harmonies, With harps and pibroch ringing, But now I rise with weeping eyes, No heart have I for singing.

13-CUMHA DO H-UISDEIN MAC-AOIDH-LAMENT FOR HUGH MACKAY.

KEY A D.









Cha'n ann mu'n callan codach fhéin, Tha'n sluagh gu lièir cho càsmhorach, Ach aon 'thoirt bhuap' gun aon fhear-fuath. 'S an robh gach buaidh cho fàsmhorach. A phears' gu lèir, a dhreach 's a chéill, Anns nach bu lèir dhuint failligeadh; Mach bho'n éug bhi 'cur 'an céil' Nach' eil gach cré ach bàsmhorach.

'S Hommhor cridhe 'thuit a mhàn Mu'n cuairt, air là do thiodhlacaidh, 'Bha 'g earbsadh cinnteach ri do linn 'Ehl suidhicht' an inntinn shlorbheartaich Bha ioma ceud dhe d'fhine fhein A' deanamh féum mar iomhaigh dhiot; Ach dhearbh am beun so dhuinn gu léir,

Nach 'eil fo'n ghréin ach dìomhanas.'
Co an duine thug ort bàrr
Am breith, 'am pàirt, 's an iounsachadh?
No co an t-aon a sheasas d'àit'
Dhe'n th'air an cràdh ga diomndraichinn?
Gach beag' us mòr gach seau' us òg,

Le gal, 'us deòir ga'n ccannsachadh. Ge tric le bròn 'bhi tuisleach òirnn', Cha tig an còrr le aon duin' dheth. It is not private loss or woe
That makes the blow so rigorous,
But his sad fate whom none could hate,
With mind so great and vigorous.
For none could find, in heart or mind,
A fault in kind or quality.
Now he is not, though we forgot
Our common lot, mortality.

Oh. many a man was filled with gloom
That round thy tomb stood silently;
Hearts that were buoyed with hopes—now void—
By death destroyed so violently.
By clansmen prized and idolised,
His worth disguised humanity,

His worth disguised humanity, But this fell blow, alas! will show There's nought below but vanity.

He was excelled by none on earth, Wit, wisdom, worth adorning him; And none can fill his place but ill of those who will be mourning him. The hearts are wrung of old and young, The mourner's tongue is failing him, Oh, never more shall we deplore One man so sore bewaiting him!

14-MO CHAILIN DILEAS DONN-MY FAITHFUL BROWN-HAIRED MAID.

KEY F.







Gur muladach a ta mi,
"S mi nochd air aird a' chuain,
"S neo-shundach mo chadal domh,
"S do chaidreanh fada uam;
Gur tric mi ort a smaointeach;
As d'aogais tha mi truagh;
"S mar a dean mi d'fhaotainn
Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

Suil chorrach mar an dearcag,
Fo rosg a dh' iadhas dlu;
Gruaidhean mar an caoran,
Fo 'n aodann tha leam ciuin;
Aidichean le eibhneas
Gun d' thug mi fein duit run;
'S gur bliadhna leam gach la
O'n uair a dh'fhag mi thu.

Theireadh iad ma'n d' fhalbh mi uat, Gu'm bu shearbh leam dol ad choir, Gu 'n do chuir mi cul riut, 'S gun dhiult mi dhuit mo phog. Na cuireadh sid ort curam, A ruin, na creid an sgleo; Tha d'anail leam ni's cubhraidh, Na'n driuchd air bharr an fheoir.

My lot this night is dreary
Upon the surging deep,
And comfortless my slumber
When far from thee I sleep.
But back to thee, my maiden,
My restless thoughts shall sweep,
And few shall be my years
If without thee I must weep.

Like berries, 'neath their lashes
Thine eyes are soft and clear;
Like rowans, 'neath thy placid brow
Thy glowing cheeks appear.
Oh, gladly do I tell thee, love,
That I have held thee dear,
And since I had to part from thee,
Each day has seemed a year.

What though they tell thee that I had Begun my choice to rue,
That I forsook my maiden
And from her kiss withdrew!
Let not the story grieve thee;
My love, it is not true:
Thy fragrant breath is sweeter
To me than morning dew.

15-H-UGAIBH! H-UGAIBH!-AT YOU! AT YOU!

KEY C.





Biodag 's an deach' an gath-seirg Air crìos seilg an luidealaich; Bha seachd oirlich oirr' a mheirg, Gur mairg an rachadh bruideadh dhi. H-ugaibh, &c.

Bha thu na do bhasbair corr,
'S claidheamh-mor an tarruinn ort,
An saighdear 's miosa th'aig righ Deors',
Chomhraigeadh e Alasdair.
H-ugaibh, &c.

Claidheamh, agus sgabard dearg,
'S cearbach sud air amadan,
'Ghearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,
A dh'fhagadh marbh gun **a**nail iad. *H-ugaibh*, &c.

Gu'm biodh sud ort air do thaobh,
Claidheamh caol 'sa ghliogartaich;
Cha'n 'eil falcag thig o'n traigh,
Nach cuir thu barr nan itean di.
H-uqaibh, &c.

See on his belt, with rags and dust,
The dirk with all the rust of it;
'Twould kill a man with sheer disgust,
If he should get a thrust of it.

At you! &c.

As fencer bold he used to swing
His sword, but made so small a stir,
The poorest soldier of the king
Would dare to fight with Allaster.
At you! &c.

Claymore and scabbard bright he vaunts
And clumsily he carries them;
He chops the heads off cormorants
And hews and hacks and harries them.

At you ! &c.

Brave at his side the sword must be
That he must clank and rattle with;
And ne'er a bird can come from sea
But he will boldly battle with.

At vou! &c.

16-BROSNACHADH-CATHA-ANCIENT WAR-SONG.

KEY A .- Boldly.





J.amh threin 's gach càs! Cridh' ard gun sgath! Ceann airm nan roinn gear goirt! Gearr sios gu bàs, Gun bhàrc sheol bhàn Thi snàmh mu dhubh Innis-torc.

Mar thairneanach bhaoghal Do bhuille, laoich, Do shuil mar chaoir ad cheann, Mar charraig chruinn Do chridh' gun roinn, Mar lasan òich' do lann.

Cum suas do sgiath,
Is crobhaidh nial,
Mar chiach bho reul a bhàis.
A mhacain cheann,
Nan cursan srann,
Sgrìos naimhde sios gu lar!

O arm of might!
Brave heart in fight!
With swords and lances keen,
O'er foes prevail,
Let no white sail
Round Innistore he seen.

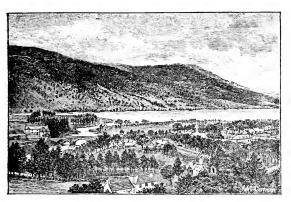
Thy strokes shall clash,
Like thunder crash,
Like lightning flash thine eye,
Thy heart a rock,
In battle shock,
Thy blade a flame on high.

Thy target raise,
And let it blaze
Like death-star's baleful light,
O chief renowned,
Whose chargers bound,
Cut down our foes in fight!

Gaelic words very old, probably of the Ossianic era. Translation by L. MacBean. Music published here for the first time.

SPIRITUAL SONGS

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE by L. MACBEAN.



KINLOCH-RANNOCH.

From Photo, by Valentine & Sons, Dundee.

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PROFESSOR MACKINNON, of the Celtic Chair, Edinburgh, says:

"The Gaelic poet is, I consider, well rendered into English verse by Mr Ma-bean, and I think his eff r deserves the encouragement of all interested in Gaelic Literature. The English reader, in addition to the intrinsic value of the woels, may be assured that the book is a faithful representation of the original work."

Professor Blackie writes: -

"I am well acquainted with the Bard of Rannoch. These versions seem done with great spirit and good taste."

DR WALTER C. SMITH, the Poet, observes:

⁹ Some portions are spirited and vigorous, and the translator shows a very considerable power of rhyming, which is an important point. The poems are, on the whole, pithy and readable.

The Rev. Dr BEITH, late of Stirling, states: -

"I have read the book with the original Gaelic before me. It is admirable, because, whilst a translation into English rerse, it is at the same time wonderfully litered, and conveys the Highland poet's thoughts and forms of illustration in a style I will say worthy of the original. There is no want of grace in the production. I should rejoice that Buchanau's Songs were spread abroad in the country, and I cannot but cherish the hope that Mr Macbean's translation will greatly help such an issue."

The Rev. A. SINCLAIR, Kenmore, Author of "Reminiscences of the Life and Labours of Dugald Buchanan," writes:

"I think, considering the difficulty of rendering Gaelic poetry into good familish verse, Mr Macboan has been very successful. It has done his work well, and I hope he will be rewarded by its having a very large circulation, as it deserves to have.

It were a work of the veriest supercrogation to commend to Highlanders the spiritual poetry of Dugald Buchanan. There is no Highland Poet so popular; and deservedly so. His sacred songs have been the constant companion of, and have afforded spiritual refreshment to, Highlanders in every part of the world, from his own time to the present day. Various attempts have been made to set forth the poems in an English garb, both in prose and in rhyme. Some of these have been very successful, but the translation now before us by Mr L. Macbean is vastly superior to them all. It is both free and faithful; and, notwithstanding the double difficulty of reproducing in another tongue the forms of thought and expression peculiar to a very different language, and of translating these into the identical rhythm and measure of the originals. Mr Macbean has sacrificed little, if any, of the richness of the author's inrugery or the power of his thought and language. It may be said of Dugald Buchanan's poetry that, though it may be sometimes quaint and familiar, reminding one somewhat of George Herbert's addities of rhyme and phrase, it never descends to commonplace; and in "The Day of Judgment" there . For the work of the translator are verses of Miltonic Power. . . we have nothing but praise. He has placed his countrymen under deep obligation to him, inasmuch as he has done justice to the work of one of their best and most cherished bards. He has also afforded those who could not understand Buchaman in the original Gaelic an opportunity of enjoying the works of one whom Highlanders, very deservedly, delight to honour. The book is very neatly got up, and will be highly prized.—The Celtic Magazine.

Dugald Buchanan is, if we except Ossian, the most popular of our Highland poets.

Doubtless, the fact that Buchanan's Songs are formed in the severe and awe-inspiring mould, so congenial to the Highlander, accounts for the large measure of acceptance and appreciation extended to them; but, on the ground of merit alone, it will not be alleged by any one who reads them, even through the medium of a translation, that the popular admiration has been misplaced. All lovers of Buchanan's poetry are placed under obligation to Mr Machean

for the admirable translation now before us. It hears evidence of, much care and appreciative study of the originals, of which it is in all respects a most faithful reproduction. Not even the peculiar rhythm and metre of the Gaelie is sarrificed, nor have the author's pictures lost any of their viviDyress axD power in the process of translation. It will not be expected that any translation, however meritorious, will increase Buchanau's reputation among readers of Gaelie, but they will agree with us in our praise of the present effort and in commending it as without question the best that has yet been made to enable English readers to share in the enjoyment of their favourite post—Increase Contier.

Of late the name of the Gaelic salved poet, Dugald Bachman, has been pretty prominent in the general ear. The publication of a translation in English verse of his "Spiritual Songs" (Maclachkan & Stewart, Edinburgh) is therefore seasonable, as well as interesting. To English readers they will be interesting more as a LTERRARY CROSTY than for their intrinsic worth. Our chief objection is to the title. The poems are not "songs," and they are quite the reverse of "spiritual," Anything more grossly material could hardly be imagined. In spite of their gross flavour, however, the "Spiritual Songs" are not without a power of their own. Witness this stanza, quoted from "The Jay of Judgment":—

"When I shall weep in flaming fire Until ten thousand years go by, Till even torturing demons tire, Grant then, O Lord, that I may die."

In that third line true genius spoke. It remains to be said that Mr L. Macbean, the translator, has done his difficult work of versification well.—The Fifeshire Journal.

Dugald Bachaman has been the most popular of all our Gaelic poets, as is evidenced by the fact that his poems are in their twenty-first edition while those of Duncan Ban Macintyre and Alexander Macdonald, the most eminent of our secular poets, are only in their seventh edition. This is to be attributed partly to THE CHARN OF BECHARN'S VERSE. Our business at present is more particularly with the merits of Mr Macbean's translation. In pronouncing an opinion on a metrical translation, special caution is necessary. It may be smooth and flowing and yet lack essential elements; it may violate to metrical bays and yet fail as a rendering of the original. How has Mr Macbean acquitted himself in his rendering of Buchaman? Very creditably we think. The task he set himself was no easy one, and called for special qualifications. Notwithstanding all this, Mr Macbean has succeeded in very fairly reproducing the ideas, sprint, and rhymes of the original. We notice with pleasure that he has avoided attempting to improve on the original and foisting into the translation ideas that had no place in the poet's mind. In reading the translation, we feel that we are reading Buchaman.

It does credit to Mr Macbean's additional and the state of the producing the surface of the properties of the surface of the surfa

To those who can enjoy the pooms in the original Gaelic, the translation will be of interest merely as a labour of love performed by a fellowadniner of Buchanan, but to those who do not meestand Gaelic we commend it as a most feithful and in all respects a most meritorious reflection of the original. To say this is no common praise, for where, as in Dugald Buchanan, THE WORDSMATTIG AND THE COLOCHAN are so profuse and varied, the trunslator had no common task before him. Mr Macbeau has succeeded in a marked degree in preserving all the vividness and power of illustration, and the copionsness of expression characteristic of the original. The rhythm and measure, too, of Buchanan have been carefully adhered to, and in this respect also Mr Macbeau's work is entitled to the highest praise.

The book is neatly and well got up, and its price is within the reach of the poorest of Buchanan's admirets.—Northern Chronicle.

A capital translation of "Dugald Buchanan's Spiritual Songs" has been published recently by Machachian & Stewart, Edinburgh. The translator, Mr L. Macheau, has done his work admirably, preserving the IDEAS, SPIRIT, AND RHYTHM of the original. This has been no easy matter, for English and Gaelic are so different in their structure that it requires more than ordinary skill to reproduce verse from the one language into the other. As an instance of the translator's success, we may call attention to his version of "The Skull," which is by far the best we have yet seen.—Seatish American Journal.

To those who care to have a really good translation into English verse of the 'spiritual Songs of Dugald Buchanan,' the well-known Gaelic bard, the neat little volume before us may be safely commended. Mr Machean, as it seems to us, has succeeded in retaining a goodly measure of the spirit of the original pieces, which are marked by not a little TRUE POETIC FEELING, as well as religious tervour. The verse is generally musteal and flowing, and an interesting sketch of the life of the author is prefixed.—Abordeon Daily Free Press.

This is a neat compilation of "Buchanan's Spiritual Songs," admirably translated. To English speaking readers the terms of adulation in which the "GOWERA OF THE HIGHLANDS" is spoken of by his fervid countrymen acquainted with his poems in the vernacular savours somewhat of the ridiculous; but after reading the poem on "The Skull," as given in this work, one is left to the conviction that the half of the ability and grace of Buchanan, as shown in his rhymes, has not been told.—The Obbat Times.

These Spiritual Songs are perhaps the most characteristic poetical product of Gaelic pieky, and ought to be read by all who wish to understand its earnest and sombre genius. English readers will be surprised at the ORIGINALITY AND CONCENTRATED STREAMTH of these poems. The translation is thoroughly well done. Some of the pieces have all the case of original poetry, and in other cases the most intricate measures are managed with surprising skill.—Free Church Monthly.

Many of our readers should welcome the newly-issued translation of spiritual songs of Dugald Buchanan. The translator is Mr L Macbean, Kirkcaldy, and the book is published in handsome form by Messrs Machachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh. The mane of Dugald Buchanan is familiar to many who are unable to enjoy his Songs in their original Gaelic.

Mr Macbean
has rendered the poems into smooth-dowing English verse.—Northern Ensign.

Arguing from the imaginative vigour and power of forceful expression that mark the poems in their English dress, we conclude that the translator has admirably fulfilled his task. He informs us in a preface that the author was "the greatest sacred poet" of the Scottish Celts; we gladly commend his productions to a wider constituency.—The Christian.

One is struck with the deep, almost assetic, fervour of their religious spirit, which leans rather to the gloomy side, and does not care to have one toneh that might lighten the picture. The "Day of Judement" is very powerful. The Songs possess wild languint for and sincerity of conviction. Dander Advertiser,

The Hynnis, which are affectionately known as "Laoidhean Dhughall' (Dugad's Hynnis), without doubt are prevaded by billiney of imagination on strictly Scriptural lines, combined with poetic feeling and great beauty of language. Perthshire Constitutional

We hope this book may find a wide circulation, not only in the Highlands of Scotland, but all over the world. It is beautifully printed on cream-coloured paper, and bound in tartan.—Inversionation Times.

A volume from the very capable hands of Mr Machean, containing admirable translations of the whole of the poems.—Stirling Observer.

Mr Machean has been able to maintain much of the beauty of rhythm and rhyme of the original, - Aberdeen Journal.

The poems are well worthy of perusal, and contain much poetic genius.—

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